

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Cowper.]

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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HENRY SALTONSTALL . . . . . Treasurer.  
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### LIABILITIES OF RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.

Extract from a phonographic report of a speech by Hon W. W. RICE, District Attorney, at Worcester, November 1869.

[The following opinions, coming from a high legal authority, will prove valuable to our agents and to others in determining the rights and liabilities of corporations in the transportation of stock.

It is due that we should say that since above date, the Boston and Albany Railroad Corporation have lessened the suffering of animals on their road by lessening the time from Albany to Brighton. But we still believe there is much unnecessary cruelty on all the roads, and will be until new methods are adopted.

The special cruelties referred to were the goading, punching and other cruelties to cattle by persons, said to be employed by the drovers to have the care of the cattle between Albany and Brighton.

Some of the suggestions of Mr. Rice are especially valuable just now when the subject of the inspection of meat is under consideration.—ED ]

#### SPECIAL POLICE NEEDED.

Gentlemen, it seems to me, from the brief consideration I have been able to give this matter, that more should be done in regard to the transportation of cattle than is provided for by the law. I believe that during the hot season of the year, provision should

be made that these cattle should have food and drink certainly, and rest at least once while passing through the State, oftener than is provided for by this act. I believe, moreover, that there should be a State police stationed at the places where these cattle are taken off and slaughtered, who should see to it, that they are kept and treated well and properly, and fed and refreshed for some days before they are led to the shambles. [Applause.] This, gentlemen, is for our own safety and good, as well as for that of the cattle. I do not believe that they should be allowed to be slaughtered immediately they are taken from the cars. I believe that every place of slaughter should be guarded carefully by a police detailed for the purpose, who should see to it that no animal is slaughtered while in an infected condition, that the flesh of these animals be kept out of the market altogether. It seems to me, gentlemen, that further provision should be made in this direction beyond what has already been provided.

#### JURIES.

I have said, gentlemen, that no subject would receive a heartier and more sympathizing attention by the juries of this county. And I said it understandingly. It was remarked to me by the gentleman who preceded me, in a little conversation which I had with him a short time ago, that jurors would not consider the sufferings of these dumb animals as they would the sufferings of men. Well, gentlemen, perhaps not as the sufferings of men, but they do consider them; and tell I you that no jury can be found in this county from whom I cannot obtain a verdict for any act of cruelty committed upon a brute animal, unless that jury believe that the acts complained of were done for discipline, not in anger, and not exceeding a proper and recognized limit of discipline. Let us apply the law to the fullest extent. And whenever and whenever that statute is violated, I pledge myself as a prosecuting officer of this Commonwealth to bring that individual against whom information is furnished before the grand jury, and if successful, then before the petit jury and prosecute him, to conviction, be he high or low, be it the richest corporation in the Commonwealth or the poorest.

#### RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.

Now let us see with regard to railroad corporations themselves. This act does authorize, it seems to me, the indictment of railroad corporations for the acts of cruelty committed by their employes and their agents. If you can find and furnish evidence that any agent or employe of any railroad corporation treats animals with unnecessary cruelty, then, gentlemen, it seems

to me you have made out a case against the railroad corporation. And when such evidence can be furnished and the officers of this city, gentlemen, are bound to be on the alert to obtain evidence in regard to any such complaint as that—whenever any such evidence as that can be furnished, the company whose agent or employe is found guilty of these acts of cruelty will be prosecuted.

#### A SPECIAL CASE.

Let me illustrate. There has been certain evidence obtained by officers and gentlemen in regard to acts of cruelty perpetrated in this city, the bare mention of which causes a thrill of horror to run through all our veins. Now, gentlemen, if it could be proved that those individuals were in the employ of the road, that they were even authorized by the road to be there, the road would be liable for those acts; but if those individuals are unknown, if they are not identified, if those acts are not brought to the knowledge of some persons, who can be identified as having some connection with the road, or as having some authority under the road, then, of course, gentlemen, these acts cannot be brought home to the road.

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO THE POLICE.

And, therefore, I have told the police officers of this city, wherever they find an individual treating an animal cruelly in the cars, being transported through this city, that if they follow my advice and direction, so far as I am authorized to give it, they will arrest that individual without warrant, and bring him to the lock-up in the City Hall and place him on trial before the Municipal Court for such act. And if it can be found in the process of that trial that that individual is in any way connected with the road, either as employe or as agent, or as being authorized by the road to use a car for the transportation of cattle, I will put the evidence before the grand jury, and obtain an indictment against the road itself if I may be able so to do. [Applause.]

#### KEEP WATCH AT THE STATIONS.

I say again let the officers, let the friends of this movement watch at our railroad stations, let them arrest upon the instant, without warrant, any of these infamous and heartless scoundrels who perpetrate, cowardly and brutally upon these animals, acts of cruelty the mere relation of which is a shock to our sensibility; let them arrest them without warrant, and let them be convicted and punished, and if they can be traced home to the corporation, let us strike the corporation. My heart, and voice, and assistance, so far as I can give it is with you in the accomplishment of this object.

## SWANS IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

But no birds that return to us after winter storms have been more welcome than the swans. We had long missed them from the segment of blue lake that is visible from our window, for there they were wont to take their stately airings so long as the waters flowed. We delighted to watch them on autumn mornings sailing slowly along in single file, at equal distances apart, with necks arched at the same graceful angle, and conscious dignity in their bearing, as if they had ranged themselves at starting with an eye to effect, and were out on a dress parade. Their breasts seemed to glide over the blue waves without effort, borne along by the light wind that scarcely ruffled the down of their feathers; and occasionally their wings, white and beautiful as sculptured marble, were half lifted to catch the favoring breeze. Such a picture on glassy waters Wordsworth must have seen when he wrote the lines:—

"The swan's on still St. Mary's lake  
Float double, swan and shadow."

Can it be that swans ever sing? Travellers in Iceland have spoken of their tuning lays, and the common saying that the swan's dying song is the sweetest would imply that he warbled many previous strains. Yet, were a melodious carol to rise suddenly from that bevy of feathered beauties as we stood admiring them upon the margin of the pond, we should start with as much surprise as if one of the neighboring statues—like the Commandant's in Don Giovanni—had opened its lips and addressed us. It must be that all the swans we have seen were born deaf and dumb. None of them were ever heard to attempt a roundelay during their lives, and we may feel sure that they will die and give no sign. And according to the doctrine of compensations they should not sing. Clothed in majestic loveliness, they need no other charm; but it concerns us to know whence they have gained their musical reputation.

A. G. W. in "Boston Journal."

## ANOTHER OPINION ON THIS POINT.

*Vocalism of the Swan.*—The singing of swans has been supposed to be a fiction, but John A. Hjaltalin, an Icelander, writes that he has often heard them singing in one of the firths of Western Iceland, where hundreds of them congregate. In the morning and evening their singing is so loud that it can be heard miles away, and the mountains on both sides ring with the echo, for each one seems to join the chorus. The singing has not the slightest resemblance to the cackling of geese or the quacking of ducks. It is clear and full, and has a metallic ring. The notion that the singing is sweetest just before the swan's death is prevalent in Iceland. Their nests are in small inland lakes or tarns, only one pair nesting at a single lake.—*Exchange.*

**OUR FATHER**—A good woman searching out the children of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say, "Pull the string up high! pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened a door upon two little half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this?"

"Oh, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me; then we get warm,' said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says that God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came to the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but these two little "sparrows" perched in that cold upper chamber taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

## THE LITTLE DOG OF BRETTE.

[GERMAN LYRICS, BY CHAS. T. BROOKS.]

There lived in Bretté city  
A man both poor and blind,  
Who for himself no longer  
His bit of bread could find.

Then was his faithful poodle  
A friend in need, and bore  
Between his teeth the basket,  
And begged from door to door.

A billet in the basket  
Said, "Give the blind man food!"  
And each one gave the poodle,  
Right gladly, what he could.

Which, then, the faithful creature  
To his poor master bore,  
And never touched a morsel,  
Though oftentimes hungering sore.

But once he came, on Friday,  
To where a butcher dwelt;  
The simple beast had never  
Man's cunning known or felt.

The butcher was a bigot,  
A bigot strict was he:  
"Flesh wouldst thou have on Fast-day?  
But stop! I'll give it thee."

Then chopped his little tail off  
All at a single blow,  
And threw it in the basket,  
And said, "There's meat, now go!"

Disgraced and maimed, but faithful,  
The basket home he bore,  
And laid him on the threshold  
And moaned, and breathed no more!

Then heavy grief and sorrow  
On all the city fell,  
For all the men and children  
Had loved the dog so well.

Above the city gate, now,  
For a memorial shown,  
Without a tail, a poodle  
Stands there, hewn out in stone.

And when a faithful action  
Meets base return, they say:  
"He's treated as the poodle  
Of Bretté was one day."

## MY FLOCK.

I have a fold,  
And four sweet lambs are here enclosed,  
To good and happiness disposed,  
Secure from cold.

And, day by day,  
I lure them down by meadows green,  
'Mid slanting sunbeams, soft and sheen,  
To feed and play.

And by the brink  
Of peaceful waters, in their need,  
My little, tender lambs I lead  
To bathe and drink.

Fall off the sound  
Of hideous birds and beasts of prey,  
Which, near my fold incline to stray,  
Goes, threatening, round.

But all the day,  
And through the dim and darksome night,  
Hosts of kind angels, heavenly bright,  
Protect the way.

Grant, oh my God,  
A prosperous journey, peaceful, free,  
For my sweet little flock, and me,  
To thine abode.

## TEACHER AND PUPIL.

[Translated for "Our Dumb Animals."]

Some ideas upon the means by which Protective Societies can popularize their ideas and render their action more efficient.

(From the Report of the Geneva Society.)

It is especially necessary to act upon the child. It is in the school that we must reach this young tyrant, who already amuses himself in destroying, and likes so much to exercise his little forces upon weaker creatures or those of a less cruel instinct than his own. And we must not only sow seed for the future, for the time when he will be a man; we must teach him to exercise protection now in favor of all the poor creatures that the child amuses himself in tormenting and destroying, if we wish to succeed in turning his intelligence, his conscience and his heart toward a better purpose.

But in order to reach the scholar we must begin with the teacher. Draw his attention to the evil; recall to him that the essential part of his task is the moral education of his pupils, that the development of the spirit of gentleness, of the protection of the weak by the strong, is one of the most important elements. Dwell upon the necessity of working in this manner upon the child in view of the future character of the man. Such, appears to us, ought to be one of the first cares of a protective society within the limits of its sphere of activity. Such has also been the opinion of the Protective Society of Geneva, whose first act was a circular to all instructors and teachers, public and private, for the purpose of persuading them to assist in this work.

Let us pass on to the children. In working upon and for the teacher much is already done for the scholars. But we can act more directly upon them. At some entertainment of the school I should like to see little pamphlets, within their comprehension, given to the children, in which the protective idea should be found, perhaps, only in every other line.

Then, to provide the school with reading books carefully selected, in which protection occupies, not the entire place, but its place in the general development (instructive and moral) which these books ought to furnish.

Pictures hung upon the walls of the school-room would also help to impress upon the minds of the children the idea of protection. Only care should at the same time be taken not to impress false ideas like that which classes the bat among birds.

There is another means, better, perhaps, in the school than in society: a reward given to the child who exhibits the spirit of protection to animals. The prizes given in the schools are ordinarily to the children who have received from the Creator the gift of memory. This is not the place to ask if this reward is judiciously bestowed. Certainly it is not what we propose. It is not to a sentimental poem well recited, or even to a composition upon some subject of protection, that we should award it, but to a courageous act of a pupil resolved not to abuse his power.

CHILDREN'S PAPERS ought to be careful as to the character of their advertisements. A journal for young people published in this State lately contained an advertisement, of which the following is a copy, omitting the name of the book and its publishers:—

Boys! boys! you can make money by trapping. Do not buy bogus "recipes," but buy "\_\_\_\_\_." It tells how to hunt, trap, and catch all game, from mink to bear, all the secrets, traps, snares and baits. 35,000 sold. The only reliable work. A neat-bound volume. Every boy and farmer needs it. Address, \_\_\_\_\_.

It is better to encourage a different class of advertisements.

"If we can advance any propositions that are both true and new, these are indisputably our own, by right of discovery; and if we can repeat what is old, more briefly and brightly than others, this also becomes our own by right of conquest."



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

**THE SAINTS AND THEIR FRIENDS.**

In a walk through Rome we saw a monk in the brown robe of a Franciscan seated at the open window of a convent with a little bird perched on his finger. Observing our attention was attracted by his favorite, the good father placed some seeds on his lips, which the bird fearlessly pecked. It seemed a picture of St. Francis six hundred years old, and recalled many legends of the tenderness of that wonderful man for the animal creation.

St. Francis had the power of that "perfect love which casteth out fear" over the furry and feathery inhabitants of woods and fields, and he called them his brothers and sisters. According to tradition they understood his language, and on one occasion when a large number of swallows disturbed his congregation on the hillside by their twittering, he said, "My sisters, it is now time for me to speak; you have had your say; now be silent until the sermon is ended." It is needless to add he was obeyed. At another time a live leveret was brought to him with other provisions. The sight of the trembling creature touched him. "Come to me little brother leveret," said he; "why hast thou let thyself be taken." The small creature hid himself near the great heart; and when St. Francis at last took him from under his robe and set him free, the leveret returned to the shelter of the brown robe. We could repeat many other legends which connect St. Francis with these his trusting friends. But he was not the only saint whom animals loved. It is recorded that when St. Colomba drew towards the close of his remarkable career, and he knew his last hour on earth was at hand, he sat down to rest on a stone near his monastery at Iona. An ancient and faithful servant, the old white horse which had been employed to carry milk daily to the monastery, approached and laid his head on his master's shoulder as if to take leave of him. The eyes of the old horse had an expression so pathetic that they seemed bathed in tears. The attendant of St. Colomba would have sent the animal away, but Colomba forbade him. "The horse loves me," said he; "the Creator has revealed to this poor animal what he has hidden from thee, a reasonable man," upon which, still caressing the faithful creature, he gave him his last blessing. That night a company of angels bore away the soul of Colomba. W.

**WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.**—The following story, strange as it may appear, is vouched by several witnesses whose testimony is unimpeachable. A short time ago a female Newfoundland dog was in the habit of coming to the house of a lady in this city who would throw to it pieces of cold meat, which the dog would eat, and, having satisfied its hunger, go away again. So confirmed did this habit become, that at a certain hour daily the lady would expect the dog and the animal would put in an appearance. A few days ago, before feeding her, the lady said to her, "Why don't you bring me one of your puppies?" repeating the question several times as she stood at the window, the dog looking at her in the face with an expression of intelligence, as if it understood every word the lady said. The next day, to the lady's astonishment, at the usual hour, the dog returned and, lo and behold! was accompanied by a little puppy. The lady fed both dogs, and then took up the puppy into the window, when the old dog scampered off and did not return for three days. At the end of that time the dog again appeared, when, after feeding it, the lady said, "Next time bring all your puppies, I want to see them"; and yesterday morning, sure enough, the dog returned accompanied by three Newfoundland pups. Several of the neighbors saw the whole transaction, and declared that they considered this one of the most wonderful proofs of the sagacity of the dog they have ever known. Where the dog came from and to whom it belongs is not known, but we have the name of the lady and also of those who were eye-witnesses to the occurrences as narrated by us.—*Portland Press*.

FAITH knows there are no impossibilities with God, and will trust him when it cannot trace him.

**THE BRIGHT SIDE.**

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we would stop to take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it!  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted,  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted.  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

**SPIDERS.**—The editor of the "Webster Times" rather leads us in his devotion to animals. He thus discourses:—

Spiders are doubtless made for a good purpose, and we are satisfied. The little eight-legged customers often lurk behind furniture and goods stowed away or undisturbed for some time; and they also spin webs and hatch and grow their young on the inside of the window of our sanctum. As we write—let's see, there is one, two, three, four hanging on the window, just over our right shoulder, and one is within twelve inches of our head. Sometimes there are eight or ten in the window, close by us. There appear to be any number of eggs in the different webs, which will yet mature big beetle-shaped scraggy fellows—and we don't know but they have as much right to live as we. Certainly we shall not trouble them nor charge them rent, so long as they are content with the sunshine that comes in at the window, and let our items alone. Our better half pokes all manner of fun and criticism at the dusty corner we sit in, and especially at the cobwebs and spiders on the walls and in the window, and tells what she'd do were she in our place. No more editing would be done until there was a cleaner place than this to do it in, and those horrid spiders got out of the way. Well, we had just as lief the place would be cleaner if it wants to be (although it is not especially otherwise), but as to the spiders, we rather like them—and they appear to like us—and we have lived together all summer, and we don't know how much longer, and haven't quarrelled yet, which is more than can be said of everybody.

**A HAT AND A HORSE.**—If caught in a shower, and you get you hat wet, brush it before it is dry. And so of the horse. When he comes in wet with perspiration smooth his hair with a coarse brush—a common broom is better than nothing—in the direction you wish it to lie when he is dry. The animal will feel better, and it will be only half the trouble to clean him the next time he needs it.

GOVERN your thoughts when alone, and tongue when in company.

**EVER SO SLIGHT A BLOW.**

Just before leaving for my home I was standing at a window watching the play of Edith and a large dog; I thought I had never seen a child so beautiful. Her motions had about them a nameless grace that charmed one. The drooping of the white-lids over the brown eyes; the sweetness of the rosy mouth. Surely, I thought, with such powers for winning love, and your own kind heart, life promises its best gifts for you, sweet child! Sad, that parental hands should crush the brightness of that young life!

Fifteen years had wheeled their swift circle since we three met before, and now how changed! Lines of grief are deeply graven on the mother's face, and the piteous love looking from her eyes drew tears to my own, whenever any one, forgetting her misfortune, addressed her child,—the Edith whose fair childhood had been more than realized in the beautiful girl, who never more would hear the sound of a human voice.

They had been to see a celebrated physician, who gave them no hope, saying, "The hearing was entirely gone, caused by a blow or continued blows upon the head." "And, when he asked me," said the mother, "if, during childhood, she had not her ears boxed often, and that it was the cause of her deafness, reason trembled, and I could but cry, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear.'"

"You who love your children know how much I have suffered when the knowledge of this calamity befel my beautiful child. But, oh, Mary! may God pity you if you ever feel the agony of learning that it was placed there by your own hands? Why were they not paralyzed or withered in the grave, and this dreadful thing not have been," she cried.

But I must shut my eyes upon this painful picture. Were my poor pen capable of showing the agony of the stricken mother, never more would the mothers who read these lines strike the tender head of the little child ever so slight a blow.—*Home Guardian*.

**ELEPHANT'S REVENGE AND GRATITUDE.**—The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's cornac, happening to have a cocoa-nut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit-stall, he took a cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on the head that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as best he could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence: still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam had to cross the shingly bed of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carriage fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.

A CURIOUS incident was observed recently by a gentleman of Rochester. An oriole was engaged in conveying a piece of twine to a nest she was building, when, as she reached the branch, the loose end of the string caught on a twig, when at the same instant the other extremity became fastened around the oriole's throat. The bird dropped as far as the string allowed, and was as effectually hung by the neck as if the operation had been done purposely. The gentleman, who saw the state of things, climbed the limb and extricated the involuntary little suicide before life was extinct. He carried the bird into the house and tenderly cared for it. It was still alive, but its back appeared broken.—*Charlestown Advertiser*.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, June, 1871.

## OUR FAIR.

It seems desirable to publish in our columns a full account of this movement in its earlier stages, and of its progress from month to month. It will reach a larger portion of the public than our circulars and may be valuable for future reference.

During last month we sent to all members, subscribers, agents and to many friends the following

## CIRCULAR:

The ladies of Massachusetts are cordially invited to meet at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Tuesday afternoon, May 30, at 4 P. M. (Anniversary Week), to make arrangements for the fair to be held in behalf of our society during the two weeks after Thanksgiving.

As this will be the first fair in New England devoted to this object, and the second in the United States, we desire to make it worthy of Massachusetts, and worthy of the cause.

It will be a State Fair; and ought not to be supplied or sustained exclusively by Boston and vicinity. Every lady in Massachusetts, who deprecates cruelty, and would encourage kindness to animals, will find here an opportunity to aid the work which the society is trying to do.

The beauty of this work is, that it belongs to no party or sect,—that there is little or no difference of opinion in regard to it, and that it suggests no controversy, except among defendants who are called to answer for an infraction of the laws.

There are in Massachusetts, 600,000 domestic animals, besides the millions of other animals, all of whom are as much God's creatures as we are, and as much entitled to their rights. While all are given for our use, there can nowhere be found any warrant for abuse of them.

If every man and woman in Massachusetts should contribute one shilling for every animal they own, and one dollar for every one they love, this society would need to ask no other contribution for the next ten years. And we are confident, that there are many thousands of men and women in the State who would give ten times one dollar, to insure kind treatment to some favorite animal of theirs, if it were to fall into other hands. It is to protect animals that deserve to be loved—if they are not—that this society labors. But, more than this, it works for the humane education of the people, for out of this will grow, not only kind treatment of the dumb creatures of the world, but peace, good will, and concord will be promoted towards our own race.

But we need not enlarge upon the general purposes of the society, but proceed to the special purpose of this circular, which is to say, that we desire an interest in this fair in every town in Massachusetts, and that sub-committees, if possible, should be appointed in each, to solicit contributions. These need not be confined to fancy work, or the usual articles found in fairs, but may embrace, as well, the products of the soil, the workshop, and the factory. If every producer thinks how largely he is dependent upon animals, and then thinks that for all their labor he pays only "board and lodging," he may feel willing to contribute something to help us to insure these well-earned blessings to other animals, or to punish the men who cruelly withhold them.

Will the ladies respond to this circular,

1. By attending the meeting above-named.
2. By interesting their friends in the work, and forming sub-committees in their locality.
3. If unable to attend the meeting, will they return an answer to the society, before the 30th inst., if convenient, stating if they will take an interest in the plan, and making suggestions as to methods?

The spirit already shown gives us encouragement, but we hope to find it general throughout the State, and trust this appeal will not be in vain.

In behalf of the society,

FRANK B. FAY, Secretary.

46 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, May, 1871.

Notwithstanding the intense heat of the appointed afternoon (enough to discourage any one not deeply interested), about one hundred ladies responded to this circular in person, to whom the Secretary explained the plan as far as it had been considered. A most encouraging spirit was manifested, the ladies offered their own and their friends' names to forward the work. Many responses had also been made by mail and personally at the office.

It was deemed expedient to choose a *General Committee of Five Hundred*, to be appointed from different parts of the State. The meeting adjourned for one week.

Soon after this meeting we issued the following circular to the two hundred and fifty ladies already selected:—

*State Fair for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

MADAM:—To successfully carry out this Fair (appointed for the two weeks succeeding Thanksgiving), it is proposed to choose a *General Committee of Five Hundred*, representing, if possible, every city and town in the State, who shall, either by active work, by soliciting, or by the influence of their names, contribute to the success of the undertaking.

All active duties are voluntary, and not made obligatory by this appointment.

You have been selected as one of this *General Committee*, and we trust you will permit the use of your name, if you sympathize with the objects of the Fair and the aims of the Society, and will forward the movement in such manner as may be agreeable to you.

Members of the Committee may avail themselves of the interest of the Vice-Presidents, Directors, Agents, and other gentlemen, friends of the Society, in their several towns.

If circumstances forbid the use of the name of any lady, will she kindly select some one to fill her place, and report on or before Tuesday next.

A meeting of the *General Committee* will be held at Horticultural Hall, on TUESDAY, 6TH INST., at 10, A. M., to choose an Executive Committee, and to transact other business connected with the Fair.

Please attend that meeting.

If not convenient to be present, will you make any suggestions that may occur to you; and to aid in completing the General Committee, please suggest the names of friends to be added to annexed list, especially in towns not now represented.

Yours truly,

FRANK B. FAY, Secretary.

46 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, June 24, 1871.

In response to this invitation nearly a hundred ladies gathered, showing the same interest as before, and many ladies detained from the meeting replied by letter.

Up to the present writing (June 7), not more than ten ladies have declined the use of their names, a part of these from sickness or anticipated absence. Encouraging offers were made from different parts of the State in regard to taking tables and otherwise promoting the success of the work.

After considerable discussion in regard to the place of holding the fair and in regard to question of raffles, both questions were left to the Executive Committee.

Mrs. G. J. F. Bryant, of Boston, Mrs. J. C. Clapp, of Cambridge, and Miss Lavinia A. Hatch, of East Pembroke, were appointed to nominate an Executive Committee of five ladies, as a nucleus, other ladies and gentlemen to be added hereafter.

The committee nominated the following ladies: Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Mrs. James B. Dorr, Mrs. Chas. R. Thayer, Mrs. B. H. Greene.

The meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Executive Committee.

For character, reputation, humanity and work, we venture to say that this General Committee of Five Hundred has never been exceeded in Massachusetts. As one friend said, "it is a matter of pride to be associated with such a company." When the names are published this statement will be verified. If the promise of the present is fulfilled in the future, it will prove that in Massachusetts animals are loved, their rights respected, and that our society will be heartily sustained.

So may it be.

If possible, we shall publish a completed list of the *Committee of Five Hundred* in our next paper. Friends will confer a favor by suggesting names before 25th inst.

We send this paper to many clergymen and selectmen,—the ecclesiastical and municipal heads of society, to whom "everybody" is supposed to apply for information, it being our expectation that "almost everybody" will be interested in our Fair, and will be seeking information in regard to it.

## OUR PUBLIC MEETING.

Notified for 30th ult., was postponed, and it has been deemed advisable to bend the whole energies of the society upon the Fair.

THE RHODE ISLAND SOCIETY have established an office in Providence, elected a general agent, W. Lloyd Bowers, and have commenced active work. Their first case, tried 17th ult., for beating a horse, resulted in a conviction and fine.

Another case for cockfighting had the same result.

SOME Boston subscriber sent us, on 24th ult., money to renew his or her subscription, and failed to return the bill or give a name.

Several good articles are crowded out this month.

CONNECTICUT is moving, and has introduced a bill into the legislature. We shall hope to report the passage of the bill and the incorporation of a society in our next.

## ADDITIONAL MEMBERS.

*Active Life*.—Mrs. D. Nevins, Jr., Boston; J. W. Clark Boston; W. W. Tucker, Boston; Cyrus Wakefield, Wakefield.

*Associate Life*.—N. Matthews, Boston; Miss Eliza Jenkins, Scituate; A. W. C., Boston; J. L. R., Boston.

*Active Annual*.—John B. Alley, Lynn; Lemuel Clapp, Dorchester; John J. Clark, Boston; Miss Eleanor J. Clark, Boston; Miss Mary G. Chapman, Boston; Mrs. Thos. Cole, Salem; J. W. Field, Boston; Osborn B. Hall, Charlestown; The Misses Newman, Boston; Mrs. W. Ropes, Boston; Miss Marianna Ropes, Boston; Mrs. Joshua Stetson, Boston; Miss Jane K. Sever, Kingston; Mrs. Eliza Winslow, Boston; V., Cambridge; "Friend," Boston.

*Associate Annual*.—Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Quincy; Mrs. J. H. Blake, Staten Island; Wm. Bassett, Lynn; Mrs. Thos. Bancroft, Boston; Alex. Beal, Boston; Mrs. G. T. Bigelow, Quincy; E. J. Coleman, Hyde Park; W. T. Carlton, Boston; Francis Child, Charlestown; Franklin Crosby, Boston; E. D. Draper, Boston; G. F. Farley, Boston; Edw. M. Ferris, Brookline; Mrs. E. A. Grothusen, Boston; Mrs. Henry R. Glover, Cambridge; Clarendon Harris, Worcester; Miss E. G. Hooper, Boston; Livinus Hull, Charlestown; Rev. F. Israel, Taunton; Mrs. E. S. C. Israel, Taunton; Mrs. A. E. Kimball, Boston; Joseph Leonard, Boston; Mrs. W. P. Lunt, Quincy; Sam'l B. Pierce, Boston; Miss Agnes Pelder, Boston; Albert C. Pond, Boston; Mrs. Geo. W. Palmer, Boston; Geo. W. Russell, Worcester; Mr. F. M. Reed, Boston; Dr. C. E. Stedman, Dorchester; Albert Tolman, Worcester; W. W. Waterman, Taunton; Wm. Patterson, Charlestown; E. Wright, Boston; David Whitton, Boston; Lewis Whitton, Boston; Peter Walwright, Boston; "Friend," Boston.

Sundry donations from members acknowledged by receipt.



## POSTPONEMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

We have just received the following circular:

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

INSTITUTION BUILDING,  
105 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W., MAY, 1871.

Sixth International Congress.

DEAR SIR:—I am desired by the Council of this Society to express to you the deep regret we feel in being compelled to postpone the above Meeting of Delegates of all our Societies, fixed by the Zurich Congress to be held in London during the present year.

Under ordinary circumstances you may be sure my Council, in its respect for the decisions of Congress, would not have altered the date of the next Meeting; but, taking into consideration recent unforeseen and lamentable events in France, it cannot hope to assemble a sufficient number of representatives to justify a necessary and heavy expenditure of money, nor to make the gathering effective for the promotion of our common cause—the sole object of a Congress. Indeed, were it not desirable to allow an intervening period during which national asperities may be permitted to expire, it is only too apparent that, owing to the effects of the war in reducing the resources of our Societies, and to the continued unsettledness of France, it would be altogether unwise to summon a Congress to meet in London during the present season; and having ascertained this to be the view of German and French Societies, as well as our own, my Council reluctantly, and with much regret, feel bound to postpone to 1872 the pleasure they had hoped to enjoy much earlier.

Thus does war retard the most righteous objects of man and destroy as well, the happiness of societies as of nations and families. Let us endeavour, each in the sphere appointed to him by the Great Disposer of Events, to counteract the war-fiend's power and influence, by cultivating in our own hearts just and humane sentiments towards, not alone our fellow-countrymen, but all mankind, and thus to some degree prevent in the future those horrors which afflict lower animals as well as our own species, and restore to our great cause the bond of fellowship and union, by which alone we shall overcome cruelty throughout the world.

Assuring you of our continued and best regard,

I have the honour to be,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

Extract from a Letter by Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, of Boston.

"My creed on this subject is, briefly, that: the LOWER animals, as well as man, have the 'inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' I take the (perhaps extreme) position that animal life should never be taken except for NECESSARY FOOD and NECESSARY SELF-DEFENCE; and that to make animals happy, as well as to protect them from suffering, is one of the HUMANITIES not only, but also one of the CHRISTIANITIES of the present age. I believe that if children in the future are taught that to unnecessarily torture a fly or a bug or a fish is a SIN, as well as is breaking the Sabbath, or profanity, or other wrongs, we shall have more humane, and less warlike generations to succeed us than have preceded."

We are informed that the society has accomplished much good, and that its influence is very marked, but that it has to encounter much prejudice and opposition.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## IMPURE MILK.

In considering the treatment of animals a proper subject of inquiry would be the course of farmers in feeding to their cows an article known as brewers' grain, after it has passed through distillation. Does it disease the cows? Destroy their teeth? Force more milk? Consequently make the milk poorer? Is all this kind of milk sold? Does any person feed this vile stuff who uses the milk from his own cows?

It would be valuable to the health and welfare of the community to agitate and ventilate this matter.

## HEALTH.

We have heretofore investigated this subject and have visited the stables where cows are kept to which brewers' grains are fed. The animals look well and reputable farmers assure us that it does not prove injurious to the cattle. "Distillery slops" have quite a different effect, as has been proved by Mr. Bergh in New York. We cannot ascertain that any such are used in this vicinity. But we should be glad to ventilate this subject still more in our columns, if good will grow out of it, or if abuses prevail in this State in this direction. Will our friends furnish us information?

In this connection we quote below an extract from the last annual report of the Inspector of Milk in Boston:—

In the winter of 1859, the legislature of this State enacted a law prohibiting the sale of adulterated milk. Chapter 206, section 5, of the laws of 1859, reads as follows:—

"No person shall offer for sale in this Commonwealth, milk produced from cows fed upon the refuse of breweries and distilleries, or any other substance which may be deleterious to the quality of the milk, under a penalty of ten dollars for each offence."

It was then, as now, the general practice of persons who kept cows and were within the reach of brewers' grains, to obtain these grains as auxiliary to other food. The injurious effect on the milk was supposed by many to be the same as that to those of cattle fed on the refuse of distilleries.

To carry out the intention of this law, a number of samples of milk was obtained from cows fed almost exclusively on brewers' grains, and these samples were analyzed by Drs. Hayes, Carney, and others. Prosecutions were commenced against persons for the violation of this law. Upon the unanimous testimony of these and other scientific parties, that the milk from cows fed on brewers' grains was not deleterious to the quality of the milk, in every case the defendants were discharged, and subsequently the law was repealed.

The law in regard to feeding cows on the refuse of distilleries in this State still continues in full force. We cannot believe, however, that any dairyman would make use of distillery slops, while good fresh brewers' grains can readily be obtained at ten cents per bushel, to an extent sufficient to meet the demand of all the small dairies, at least in the vicinity of Boston.

The principal part of the supply of milk for this city is raised beyond the reach of either brewers' grains or distillery slops; whereas, in some of our western cities, their milk is obtained from large dairies kept within their limits, or but a short distance from distilleries where the slops can readily be procured and used for producing milk. During the year, in some of these cities, this subject has aroused considerable attention, and their authorities have plainly seen the great importance of checking this evil.

The subjects of feeding cows on the refuse of distilleries, and the injurious effects of the milk produced (sowing the seeds of disease and death as they do), have called forth a number of well-written articles from scientific men and others, who have dared to express their opinion against the practice, notwithstanding the personal influence and that of the capital invested in support of the continuance.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Yesterday a boy engaged in carting stone on the Back Bay was driving a large, fine horse, which by some means of torture he would make rear and plunge with the load of stone before he tipped it out. The horse was an intelligent creature and obeyed him well, going over his route without guidance, but if he deviated at all from the track which the boy chose he should take over the open ground, he would seize anything in his reach and strike him on his head,—he had no whip,—twist his nose, pinch his mouth and in other ways torture him, until at last the horse turned suddenly, threw out several of the stones in his cart, one of which cut his hind foot badly, but which the boy said "he had trod on," and tried to cover and staunch the blood with targease from the wheel. Unable longer to bear the sight I went out to the brute and made him promise to treat the horse well or I would complain of him, and he was well frightened and for the rest of the day did better. If the owners of these horses would now and then look after these irresponsible agents of their much cruelty would be prevented. The horse seemed to know I was a friend, for as I put my hand on his nose he bowed his head as if so glad of a caress and a kind word. If owners would also throw off the check-rein from these cart-horses or let the drivers wear them instead!

God help you to speak for the dumb.

NEW YORK, May 15, 1871.

The little paragraph in "Our Dumb Animals" for April with regard to nails being thrown in the street I have just sent to our "Sun." Will you please send me two or three more copies to publish in other papers; type, you know, sometimes commands more respect than manuscript.

It is a grief and sorrow to me that so much suffering must be inflicted upon helpless brutes, so much from inhumanity, and added to this, so much from want of thought.

I hope your society may sometime be able to furnish the paper for free distribution, that those may be reached who most need its humanizing influence. I shall be glad if it is ever in my power to assist the cause. At present I have to offer but a pen, which, if it is of any worth, is at your service, and a little influence with a few newspapers.

Mrs. GEORGE BARTLETT.

## "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CAT?"

The writer hopes that every member of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," a society which extends its loving protection to small as well as great, will not overlook the paragraph in the May number, headed "Leaving Cats in Summer Time." Most certainly none of our members would be guilty of the thoughtless barbarity of leaving a cat in an empty house. But many people, even of kind feelings, are under the very mistaken idea that a cat can "find its own living" if turned adrift, or a more mistaken idea that "it can find a home." The writer earnestly requests those of our lady members, who are leaving town, to inquire of friends, about closing their houses, what provisions they have made for their cats, and if they are not "pets," but merely "round the premises," to have them killed. Multitudes of neglected, half-starved cats, the sport of cruel children, throng our alleys and back-yards and ought to be killed, as an act of common humanity. In the cities, cats kept as pets and really fed regular by their owners, are comparatively few. It is greatly to be desired that some such thing would be done with regard to stray cats as every town requires for its stray dogs; either claimed and marked by collars, or dispatched at once.

## HUMANITY.

## ICE WATER FOR HENS.

In a green, pretty yard, a flock of happy, well kept hens enjoy the luxury of a constant supply of cool water, by the simple means of connecting a small pipe with the floor of the ice-chest, through which the ice-water finds its way to the trough in the yard. There it continues dripping, dripping, like a constant spring. The fowls appear to appreciate it.

TRENTON.

## IS TURN ABOUT FAIR-PLAY?



## Children's Department.

## How do you like this?

We have purchased a series of cuts to induce people to ask if "turn about" would be called "fair-play" by men and boys. Imagine the animals saying to the men, "How do you like check-reins now?" "How do you like to have your legs tied and being piled into a cart?" "If you don't like it for yourselves don't do it to us!"

## How Father Cured his Horse.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse because the folks in Greene live scattered and he has so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'That's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' says father. 'Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap too,' says he. 'Oh, well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with. 'Make me an offer,' says he. 'Well, just to put an end to the talk,' father says, 'I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him? He's got the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat run off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before

he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I shall call him Georgie,' said father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, and we fixed a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said, 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning, father harnessed him and got in the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, 'Get up Georgie,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by, he says, 'This is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons —"

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly.

"Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are off walking or riding or hoeing in the garden."

"Well, father sat full two hours, before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner."

"All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him and talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way, and the third morning, when he had fed and curried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back, and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning."

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. 'I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him

to act so, that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody, that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good 'sample to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on his nose.' "And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make it up to father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture father has only to stand at the bars and call his name and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts

of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, "it makes him think he's a folks."—Selected.

## A Faithful Watch-Dog.

## A TRUE STORY.

About the year 1850, a personal friend of the narrator, residing in a remote New England town, left his young wife and happy home, to seek his fortune in California.

On a summer afternoon, nearly eighteen months afterward, as she was sitting on the lawn before the cottage of which she was the sole occupant and which was situated on a retired road nearly two miles from a small village, she was agreeably surprised by the appearance of an expressman, who had brought her two thousand dollars in gold, and a welcome letter from her long-absent husband, the gold being the result of his first year's labor at the mines.

After the excitement of her surprise had somewhat subsided, she began to think that it would be unsafe for her to remain alone in the house with so much money. It was the hard earnings of her self-sacrificing husband, and should be safely kept.

Understood his business when any property was entrusted to his care for safe keeping.

The butcher said to his dog, "Bose, do you lie down on that door-rug, and don't you let any person



come into this house to-night;" saying which the butcher rode away.

The lady feeling perfectly safe, thought she would make friends with the dog, and offered him something to eat; but "Bose" would not eat, neither would he take any notice of her, except to occasionally follow her with his eyes whenever she moved about the room. Failing to make a companion of the dog, she began to be afraid, and her personal fear of the dog was now greater than the fear of losing her money.

The lady retired to bed, leaving the door of her bed-room ajar, so that she could see the dog as he lay on the rug at the sitting-room door, and who seemed to keep a constant watch upon her, so much so, that she dared not go to sleep, and almost wished the dog was not in the house. At last she fell into a drowsy slumber, from which she was suddenly aroused by Bose as he sprung from his place on the rug toward the window. She heard him growl and struggle, then all was quiet. She was so much frightened that she dared not move, yet she could not now see the dog from where she lay, neither did she know what had happened. She lay in terrible suspense until morning, when she ventured cautiously to leave her bed. Going into the sitting-room she found the window open, and the body of the butcher lying across the window-sill, his head in the room, his feet on the outside of the house; he was dead. He had attempted to rob his confiding friend, in doing which his own dog had seized him by the throat, and caused him to choke or bleed to death. Bose had strictly obeyed his orders, and "let no person come into the house that night."

#### STORY OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Many years ago there lived on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old Quaker gentleman, who possessed an old faithful servant. This servant was a horse, and his name was Charley. Now Charley had trotted before the family chaise for many a long year, to the village post-office, to the Sabbath-day meeting, and upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley was ever ready to be "hitched up." Not one trick had he shown, nor had he once proved unfaithful, and grandfather always rode him upon such errands of business as he might have about the farm. The river divided the farm, and it was at times necessary to visit the lot on the other side; there was a bridge a mile and a half from the house, but there was a good ford just down by the bank, which was always used when the water was not too high. One day in the spring-time grandfather had to go over the river, but the freshet had come, the banks were overflowed, and the ice in great cakes and fields was coming down with a rush, so he mounted old Charley and set off by the way of the bridge. Arriving safely on the other side, he spent some time in the business which had brought him over, and it was nearly sundown when he got ready to go home. He looked up toward the bridge, said it was a long three miles around, and that he believed he would try the ford. "Old Charley can swim," he said as he rode down to the bank of the stream, "and it is but a short way over."

Charley looked reluctant, but after considerable urging he entered the stream. In a moment he was striking out bravely for the opposite shore, but in another moment a great cake of ice came pounding along, overwhelming both man and horse. They both rose, but grandfather had lost his seat, and as he was swept along by the powerful current, he caught the drooping branches of a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe from immediate danger.

The riderless horse pursued his journey toward the house, and soon reached the shore. Here, appearing to miss his familiar friend, he looked around, and, as it seems, discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree; immediately and without hesitation, he turned around and swam boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch he stopped and permitted my grandfather to get on his back, and then, although quite exhausted, he started at once for home.

The whole scene had been witnessed by the whole family, and they got ready with boats and went to meet the nearly exhausted horse; he was caught by the bridle when near the shore, and the old gentleman relieved from his perilous position.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### SQUIRREL SONG.

Hast thou ever stood to see  
The squirrel in the forest tree?  
Lithe and agile is he,  
Leaping in the forest tree.

Nimble go his little feet,  
Up where the branches blend and meet;  
From limb to limb, so fleet,  
Go his merry little feet.

In the burning sunbeam bright,  
Then in the shadow's mellow light;  
Leaping left, leaping right,  
In the shadow, in the light.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Cracketh he the nut so brown,  
Then he shaketh the acorn down;  
Whether you smile or frown,  
Shaketh he the acorn down.

From branch to branch now springing,  
His gladsome chatter is bringing,  
Echoes to the singing  
Of birds, through the woodlands ringing.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Through all chance, through all changes,  
Wide throughout the forest ranges;  
In his home where God arranges,  
Let him live; gladsome, free,  
Harm him not; he loveth thee,  
The squirrel in the forest tree.

#### OLD BILL.

A friend sends us a ditty, too long for our columns, describing the life and death of a horse once highly prized,

"But time and change, that meeteth all,  
Brought change on poor 'Old Bill,'  
Another younger, faster steed  
Was brought his place to fill,"

and the faithful servant fell into a "trader's cruel hands," and went from "bad to worse."

"Day after day, for many years,  
He lingered out his life;  
With weary toil and wretched fare  
He held a daily strife.

But Death at last found poor 'Old Bill,'  
And kindly closed his eyes;  
And I will hope that he has found,  
Green fields beyond the skies.

For who shall say, that honest brutes,  
Who served and suffered long,  
Shall not a rich reward obtain,  
Where Justice doth belong."

March 30, 1871.

D. R.

New Bedford Standard.

It is the old story of forgetting the obligation to our dumb servants, and for the sake of a few dollars condemn them to years of hard work, neglect and abuse.

WALTER SCOTT'S MISGIVINGS.—The excitement of the chase drowns consideration. That the misgivings of men less eager for sport are not the consequences of a morbid sensitiveness is clear, when the manly and practical mind of Scott rebelled against the proceeding "I was never quite at ease," he said to Basil Hall, "when I had knocked down a pheasant, and, going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbors, but I am not ashamed to say that use never fully reconciled me fully to the cruelty of the affair. At all events, now that I can do what I like without fear of ridicule, I take more pleasure in seeing the birds fly past me unharmed."—*Quarterly Review*.

#### Stable and Farm.

##### HORSE-SHOERS, ATTENTION.

[We know nothing of the following method, but should like the opinion of American horse-shoers.—Ed.]

At a meeting of Highland Society, at Dumfries, Scotland, Mons. Charlier by invitation explained the new method of horse-shoeing, invented by his father, a veterinary surgeon at Paris, which has been used with great success in France for five years on horses employed in different services, and has received the sanction of the Imperial Agricultural Society. He said, substantially, a good system of shoeing has been long sought for; many would even no longer shoe the horse, to avoid the numberless defects of the usual mode. But the shoe is to this day the only way of preventing the wear of the foot; we must, therefore, try to reduce the size of the shoe as much as possible in reforming it. Our shoeing answers this universal want, being more natural, or rather less artificial than any other, being more simple and rational. Seen in its ensemble, it is quite different from all other shoes known hitherto, on account of—1st. The whole strength is left to the bare foot; also its whole form and whole function by never paring the foot, never touching the frog, nor the sole, nor the bars. 2d. The new method of preparing the foot with new instruments to receive the shoe. 3d. The new fittings of the shoe around the hoof, this alone allowing the pressure of the frog on the ground. 4th. No beveling. 5th. Its elasticity. 6th. Its narrowness, resting only on the width of the crust. 7th. Its lightness, being about one-third the weight of the ordinary shoe. 8th. The new manner of forging the shoe—stamping and nailing it. A square, or nearly square, little bar of iron is turned cold, in a very short time, or hot. One man alone can stamp it with two rounded punches. The shape and direction of the nail-holes are particular, necessitated by the unusual thickness and narrowness of the shoe. The exterior of the hole is a rounded oval; the hole is funnel-shaped; the upper orifice is square. The nail has exactly the same shape—a head of lengthened cone shape, a neck strong and solid, and a square blade. The nail thus stops up the hole hermetically. With these conditions, the new shoe, of good quality of iron, is very solid on the foot—an important advantage, especially for hunters. Six, seven, or eight holes have different directions, according to the inclination of the hoof; they are nearly straight toward the toe. A shoe with well-stamped holes can be nailed without danger of injuring living parts, the hole being a guide to the nail. 9th. No caulking, nor hooks, nor toe-pieces. There is no need of caulking; the frog is a natural caulking on the slippery ground, sustaining the tendons instead of straining them. In case of frost only two movable nail-caulkings are fixed toward the heels of the shoe; the toe forms a kind of hook by its narrowness and the inner angle of the shoe. These nail-caulkings can be fixed on by any one, not being in the horn, and, owing to the thickness of the shoe, are solid. They are taken off as soon as they become useless, being even hurtful on hard and level ground. In fine, the new shoe is not difficult to use, and no more liable to accidents than the ordinary shoe; it takes less time to forge it—a single man making 80 to 100 shoes per day; no longer time to fit it to the foot; it can be fitted cold as well as warm, and is suitable to all shapes of feet; it lasts a sufficient length of time, and is no more expensive than the common shoe. It is an orthopedic and pathological shoe, sufficient, frequently alone, to cure corns, contracted feet, and other diseases, being susceptible of modification according to the worst feet; and when the instruction of farriers is extended, it will be known and applied easily everywhere.

A CONNECTICUT schoolboy has written a composition upon the horse, in which he says, "It is an animal having four legs, one at each corner."

It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

## VIVISECTION IN ENGLAND.

It is to be feared that frogs are too sensitive for their own happiness. In the "Lancet" of last week is a report of a lecture on experimental physiology by William Rutherford, M. D., F. R. S. E., during the delivery of which he exhibited certain interesting experiments. "Observe this frog," said the lecturer; "it is observing our manoeuvres with a somewhat lively air. Now and then it gives a jump. What the precise object of its leaps may be I dare not pretend to say; but probably it regards us with some apprehension and desire to escape." The frog had some slight reason for apprehension, for the lecturer proceeded: "I touch one of its toes and you see it resents the molestation in a very decided manner. Why does it so struggle to get away when I pinch its toes? Doubtless you will say because it feels the pinch, and would rather not have it repeated. I now behead the animal with the aid of a sharp chisel. \* \* \* The headless trunk lies as though it were dead. The spinal cord seems to be suffering from shock. Probably, however, it will soon recover from this. \* \* \* Observe that the animal has now spontaneously drawn up its legs and arms, and it is sitting with its neck erect, just as if it had not lost its head at all. I pinch its toes and you see the leg is at once thrust out as if to spurn away the offending instrument. Does it still feel, and is the motion still the result of the volition?" That the frog did feel there appears to be no doubt, for Mr. Rutherford related that, having once decapitated a frog, the animal suddenly bounded from the table. He then returned to the animal immediately under observation, pinched its foot again, the animal again "resenting the stimulation." He then thrust a needle down the spinal cord. "The limbs are now flaccid. \* \* \* We may wait as long as we please, but a pinch of the toes will never again cause the limbs of this animal to move." This frog being done for, the lecturer continued: "I take another frog. In this case I open the cranium and remove the brain and medulla-oblongata. \* \* \* I thrust a pin through the nose and hang the animal thereby to a support so that it can move its pendant legs without any difficulty. \* \* \* I gently pinch the toes. \* \* \* The leg of the same side is pulled up. \* \* \* I pinch the same toes more severely. \* \* \* Both legs are thrown into motion." Having thus proved that the wretched animal could suffer acutely, Mr. Rutherford observed: "The cutaneous nerves of the frog are extremely sensitive to acids; so I put a drop of acetic acid on the outside of one knee. This, you see, gives rise to most violent movements both of arms and legs, and notice particularly that the animal is using the toes of the leg on the same side for the purpose of rubbing the irritated spot. \* \* \* I dip the whole animal into water to wash away the acid, and now it is all at rest again. I put a drop of acid on the skin over the lumbar region of the spine. \* \* \* Both feet are instantly raised to the irritated spot. The animal is able to localize the seat of irritation. \* \* \* I wash the acid from the back, and amputate one of the feet at the ankle. \* \* \* I apply a drop of acid over the knee of the footless leg. \* \* \* Again the animal turns the leg toward the knees as if to reach the irritated spot, with its toes; these, however, are not now available. But watch the other foot. The foot of the other leg is now being used to rub away the acid. The animal, finding that the object is not accomplished with the foot of the same side, uses the other one." These experiments clearly demonstrate that frogs, with or without heads, are not only very sensitive, but very intelligent animals, and under these circumstances it might be as well not to torture them more often than can be helped. It is not very long ago that we remonstrated against the practice pursued in France of dissecting live horses; yet it would be difficult to prove that it is more cruel to cut up a live horse than a live frog, especially as the latter is evidently sensitive in no ordinary degree.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced."

## PIGEON TRAP SHOOTING.

[We find in an old paper, published in another State, two articles so well written, that we transfer a part of them to this locality, hoping that it may awaken Massachusetts sportsmen to consider the result of their amusements.—Ed.]

I speak to-day for those who cannot speak for themselves. To be plain, I speak because it was with a feeling of keen pain I read this morning your account of the death of more than two hundred doves at the fair ground yesterday; killed for the mere play of our county sportsmen's club. It is no extravagance when I say that such spectacles as the one witnessed near this city yesterday, savor no more of civilization than the gladiatorial shows of Rome, the bull-fighting of Spain, and the bear-baiting, the cock-fighting, or any other inhuman exhibition of any other part of the world. All these things may be arranged under one classification, a needless cruelty of human beings to themselves and inferior lives. He, who in a knowledge of what life is, needlessly sets foot upon a worm is not worthy the existence given to him. "The doves were quite fat and hard to kill," is a sentence of yours that tells its own painful story. I shall not attempt to amplify it. There is no weak sentimentalism about this writing. It is an earnest expression of pain felt that any citizen of — should deliberately go to work and, for the sake of mere sport and skill, add to the already great burden of death that is in the world, the few hours sport (?) of yesterday. Could their work be turned on themselves they might learn its cruelty. Should some club of Brobdingnag sportsmen capture our — sportsmen and take them home, and after fattening them well, go out to the Brobdingnag fair ground in a mammoth chariot, and there, tossing our fellow-citizens into the air, use them as javelin marks, then should some sportive giant, through a blunder or the "influence of a high wind," fail to pierce the sprawling — to death, should he only mangle him badly, and take the human head and crush it with his thumb, I have no doubt the — Sportsman's Club would appreciate their treatment of the doves. There is nothing like putting our own hand into the fire to find out whether it burns. Cruelty to animals is criminal and only differs in a degree from cruelty to men. The dumb sufferer has as much right to justice as its more intelligent fellow-creature. And so some day humanity will JUDGE.

To this the editor of the paper replied as follows:—

If these pigeons had been killed merely for sport our correspondent's strictures would be entirely just. But they were not. It was as much a matter of business as of sport, for every one of the birds will be disposed of the same as other game is. We suppose, moreover, that "Judge" will not assume that it is less merciful to shoot doves than it is to wring their necks, or that if the people demand pigeon meat it is nevertheless a duty to deny them the delicacy—so that his indignation is mostly thrown away. Let him remember the parable regarding the fatted calf and apply it to the fatted dove, and then he can say, as the sentimental philosopher does, "I love the dove, I love the little innocent; I have eaten him and found him very good." The truth is, sportsmen's clubs are, as a general thing, excellent arrangements, as regards humanity as well as business. They see to it that game is not killed wantonly, in other words, out of season; and, so far from decreasing the number of innocents, they are doing all in their power to increase and multiply them.

The "Club" also defended their course in an official document which we have not seen, to which "Judge" made an "apology" (?) as follows:—

Let me try to correct the wrong I have been led to do our county sportsmen's club. I really did not know that it was organized so much for the purpose of ridding the community of "pestiferous birds," and for gratifying the "people's demand for pigeon meat;" in truth, I did not, or else I should have been glad to do all possible things to help it. A game

hunt, for the purpose of obtaining food, especially when the game has a fair chance, is a grand thing for both body and mind. I have often indulged in such work and enjoyed the fruits of my labor. I hope to do the same thing often in the future. I therefore beg the pardon of all whom I offended. But the mistake arose thus: I had an idea that last Wednesday afternoon that some twenty or more gentlemen went out of the city into the fair ground to some cages containing about 250 doves, and prepared for a "shoot for prizes," that "the shooting was not as good as was expected," but that through the judge, referee and scorer certain skilful shots got silver and gold rewards, to be held until the superior skill of some other sportsmen should secure them. Deriving that idea from what I saw printed about it, I could not help feeling, as the gentlemen who have answered me also seem to feel, that this was rather unworthy business for sportsmen to be engaged in. \* \* \* It appears to me that there was a great deal of needless trouble and expense endured even for this purpose. In the first place it must have been hard to catch the doves and keep them so long; and then it must be inconvenient to oblige so many gentlemen to leave their business and devote a half day in the country to killing the birds when let loose from the traps. I should think one man could kill them more easily in town in some back-yard with a hatchet, and do all that the sportsman's club does at so much cost. There is many a person, I know, who would do the work for a few shillings, so that all the costly bowls and medals that the club uses could be dispensed with. \* \* \* In the sporting school where I was educated, the rules taught us to despise any achievement in which the game did not have an equal chance with the hunter. We did not dare trap our game; that was only done by men who followed trapping as a matter of livelihood. We did not dare to dig pits for deer, or to cheat fish into a bite with a bright spoon, or to set nets for fish or birds; that was to be left for pot-hunters. We were taught to respect life, never obtain it unfairly; to run a deer all day rather than take him from a trap; to hunt birds mile after mile rather than to shoot them, all bewildered, just out of a cage; to despise any hunt or shot that was a sacrifice of a hunter's dignity. We learned, in fact, the meaning of the word sportsman.

WAKE UP, MICHIGAN.—A year or more ago several gentlemen of this city formed themselves into an association for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The field is one of the best in the West, but for some reason no complaints have ever been made, and no prosecutions have furnished a warning. At the request of the society, the legislature last winter amended the previous act so as to make the law more stringent, forbidding the tying of the legs of calves and poultry, and otherwise conforming to suggestions made by philanthropic individuals. If the society exists except in name, it would be well for some of its members to proceed to the Campus Martius at an early morning hour and see what they could see. If they cannot find the basis of half a dozen complaints it will be an exceptional morning. Farmers come in with the legs of poultry tied as before, and the fowls are thrown about and kicked in a brutal way. The calves are brought in in pens, placed in wagons, and in one of these, six feet long, three feet wide and three feet five inches high, from six to nine calves, four or six weeks old are brought in. There is standing-room for four calves, and the rest must lie under foot, eyes rolling, tongues protruding, and the suffering brutes bellowing with their pain at every jolt of the wagon. Hogs are brought in in a still worse condition, being piled one on another until the pen is filled, with only a care that they get to market. It is useless for the police to remonstrate with such men, and they can only be taught humanity through the medium of arrest and prosecution.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Two lives the meanest of us live;  
One which the world beholds, and one  
Whose hidden history none may give  
But he who lives it."



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